

THE
FORTVNATE ISLES
and
THEIR VNION

celebrated in a
MASQUE
design'd for the Court, on the
Twelfth night.

1624

His chorea, cantusque vigent.



THE FORTVNATE ISLES.

His Ma^{tie} being sett,

ENtreth in, running, *IO H P H I E L*, an
aëry spirit, and (according to the *Magi*)
the *Intelligence* of *Iupiters* sphere: Attired in
light filks of seuerall colours, with wings of
the same, a bright yellow haire, a chaplet of
flowers, blew silke stockings, and pumps,
and gloues, with a siluer fan in his hand.

IO H P H I E L.

Like a lightning from the skie,

or an arrow shot by *Loue*,

Ora Bird of his let fly;

Bee't a Sparrow, or a Doue:

With that winged hast, come I,

loosed from the Sphere of *Loue*,

To wish good-night

to your delight.

To him enters a Melancholique Student,
in bare and worne cloathes, shrowded vnder
an obscure cloake, and the caues of an old
hatt, fetching a deepe sigh, his name, Mr.

THE FORTVNATE ISLES.

MERE-FOOLE.

Oh, oh!

IOHPHIEL.

In *Saturn's* name, the Father of my Lord!
What ouer-charged peice of *Melancholie*
Is this, breakes in betweene my wishes thus,
With bombing sighes?

MERE-FOOLE.

No! no Intelligence!

Not yet! and all my vowes now nine dayes old!
Blindnes of fate! Puppies had seene by this time:
But I see nothing! that I should! or would see!
What meane the Brethren of the *Rosie-Crosse*
So to desert their votary!

IOHPHIEL.

O! tis one

Hath vow'd himselfe vnto that aërie order,
And now is gaping for the flie they promis'd him.
I'll mixe a little with him for my sport.

MERE-FOOLE.

Haue I both in my lodging, and my diet,
My cloaths, and euery other solemne charge
Observ'd 'hem! made the naked bords my bed!
A fagot for my pillow! hungred sore!

IOHPHIEL.

And thirsted after 'hem!

MERE-FOOLE.

To looke gaunt, and leane!

IOHPHIEL.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

IOHNSIEL.

Which will not be.

MERE-FOOLE.

(Who's that?) yes, and outwatcht,
Yea, and out-walked any Ghost alive
In solitarie circle, worne my bootes,
Knees, armes, and elbowes out!

IOHNSIEL.

Ran on the score!

MERE-FOOLE.

That haue I (who suggests that?) and for more
Then I will speake of, to abate this flesh,
And haue not gaine the fight;

IOHNSIEL.

Nay scarce the sense,

MERE-FOOLE.

(Voice, thou art right) of any thing but a cold
Wind in my stomacke.

IOHNSIEL.

And a kind of whimfie.

MERE-FOOLE.

Here in my head, that puts me to the staggers,
Whether there be that Brotherhood, or no.

IOHNSIEL.

Beleeue fraile man, they be: And thou shalt see.

MERE-FOOLE.

What shall I see?

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

IOHPHIEL.

Mec.

MERE-FOOLE.

Thee? Where?

IOHPHIEL.

Here. If you

Be Mr. *Mere-Foole*.

MERE-FOOLE.

Sir, our name is *Mery-Foole*.

But by contraction *Mere-Foole*.

IOHPHIEL.

Then are you

The wight I seeke: and Sr. my name is *Iohphiel*,
Intelligence to the Sphere of *Jupiter*,
Anaëry iocular spirit, imploy'd to you
From Father OVTIS.

MERE-FOOLE.

OVTIS? who is hee?

IOHPHIEL.

Know yee not OVTIS? Then know Nobody:
The good old *Hermit*, that was said to dwell
Here in the forest without trees, that built
The Castle in the aire, where all the Brethren
Rhodesstaurotick live. It flies with wings,
And runnes on wheelles: where *Julian de Campis*
Holds out the brandisht blade.

MERE-FOOLE.

Is't possible

They

THE FORTVNATE ISLES.

They thinke on mee?

IONPHIEL.

Rise, be not lost in wonder,
But heare mee, and be faithfull. All the Brethren
Haue heard your vowes, salute you, and expect you,
By mee, this next returne. But the good Father
Has bin content to die for you.

MERE-FOOLE.

For mee?

IONPHIEL.

For you. Last New-years day, which some giue out
Because it was his Birth-day, and began
The yeare of *Iubile*, he would rest vpon it,
Being his hundred fife and twentieth yeare:
But the truth is, hauing obseru'd your *Genesis*,
He would not liue, because he might leaue all
He had to you.

MERE-FOOLE.

What had hee?

IONPHIEL.

Had? An office,
Two, three, or foure.

MERE-FOOLE.

Where?

IONPHIEL.

In the vpper Region:
And that you'll find. The Farme of the great Customes,
Through all the Ports of the Aires Intelligences;
Then

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

Then Constable of the Castle *Rosy-Crosse*:
Which you must be, and Keeper of the Keyes
Of the whole *Kaball*, with the Seales; you shall be
Principall Secretarie to the Starres;
Know all their signatures, and combinations,
The diuine rods, and consecrated roots.
What not? Would you turne trees vp like the wind,
To shew your strength? march ouer heads of armies,
Or points of pikes, to shew your lightnesse? force
All doores of arts, with the petarr, of your wit?
Reade at one view all books: speake all the languages
Of seuerall creatures? master all the learnings
Were, are, or shall be? or, to shew your wealth,
Open all treasures, hid by nature, from
The rocke of Diamond, to the mine of Sea-coale?
Sir, you shall doe it.

MERE-FOOLE.

But how?

IONPHIEL.

Why, by his skill,

Of which he has left you the inheritance,
Here in a pot: this little gally pot,
Of tincture, high rose tincture. Ther's your a Order,
You will ha' your Collar sent you, er't be long.

*a He giues him a
Rose.*

MERE-FOOLE.

I lookt Sr. for a halter, I was desperate.

IONPHIEL.

Reach forth your hand:

MERE-FOOLE.

O Sr. a broken sleeue

Keepes

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

Keepes the arme back as tis i' the prouerbe.

IOPHIEL.

Nay,

For that I doe commend you: you must be poore
With al your wealth, & learning. Whē you ha' made
Your glassses, gardens in the depth of winter,
Where you will walke inuisible to Mankinde,
Talkt with all birds & beasts in their owne language,
When you haue penetrated hills like ayre,
Diu'd to the bottome of the Sea, like lead,
And risse againe like corke, walk't in the fire
An 'twere a *Salamander*, pass'd through all
The winding orbes, like an Intelligence,
Vp to the *Empyreum*, when you haue made
The World your gallery, can dispatch a busines
In some three minuts, with the *Antipodes*,
And in five more, negotiate the *Globe* ouer;
You must be poore still.

MERE-FOOLE.

By my place, I know it.

IOPHIEL.

Where would you wish to be now? or what to see?
Without the fortunate purse to beare your charges,
Or wishing hat? I will but touch your temples,
The corners of your eyes, and tinct the tip,
The very tip o' your nose, with this *Collyrium*
And you shall see i' the aire all the *Ideas*,
Spirits, and *Atomes*, Flies, that buz about
This way, and that way, and are rather admirable,
Then any way intelligible.

B

MERE-FOOLE.

THE FORTVNATE ISLES.

MERE-FOOLE.

O, come, tinct me,
Tinct me: I long, saue this great belly, I long.
But shall I onely see?

IOHAPHIEL.

See, and command
As they were all your vallets, or your foot-boyes:
But first you must declare, (your Greatnes must,
For that is now your stile) what you would see,
Or whom.

MERE-FOOLE.

Is that my stile? My Greatnes, then,
Would see King Zoroastres.

IOHAPHIEL.

Why you shall:
Or any one beside. Thinke whom you please?
Your thousand, Your ten thousand, to a million:
All's one to me, if you could name a myriad.

MERE-FOOLE.

I haue nam'd him.

IOHAPHIEL.

You haue reason.

MERE-FOOLE.

I, I haue reason.
Because he's said to be the Father of coniuers,
And a cunning man i'the starres.

IOHAPHIEL.

I, that's it troubles vs.
A little for the present: For, at this time

He

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

He is confuting a French *Almanack*,
But he will straight haue don, Ha' you but patience;
Or thinke but any other in meane time,
Any hard name.

MERE-FOOLE.

Then, *Hermes Trismegistus*.

IOHPHIEL.

O, ὁ τριμέγιστος? Why, you shall see him,
A fine hard name. Or him, or whom you will,
As I said to you afore. Or what do you thinke
Of *Howle-glasse*, in stead of him?

MERE-FOOLE.

No, him

I haue a minde to.

IOHPHIEL.

O, but *Vlen-spiegle*

Were such a name! but you shal haue your longing.
What lucke is this, he should be busie to?
He is waighing water, but to fill three houreglasses,
And marke the day in pen'orths like a cheese,
And he has done. Tis strange you should name him
Of all the rest! there being *Iamblicus*,
Or *Porphyrie*, or *Proclus*, any name
That is not busy.

MERE-FOOLE.

Let me see *Pythagoras*.

IOHPHIEL.

Good.

MERE-FOOLE.

or *Plato*,

B 2

IOHPHIEL.

THE FORTY-NATE ISLES.

IOHPHIEL.

Plato, is framing some *Ideas*,
Are now bespoken, at a groat a dozen,
Three grosse at least: And, for *Pythagoras*,
He 'has rashly run himsef on an imployment,
Of keeping *Asses* from a feild of beanes;
And cannot be stau'd off.

MERE-FOOLE.

Then, *Archimedes*.

IOHPHIEL.

Yes, *Archimedes*!

MERE-FOOLE.

I, or *Æsop*.

IOHPHIEL.



Nay,

Hold your first man, a good man, *Archimedes*,
And worthy to be seene; but he is now
Inventing a rare Mouse-trap with *Owles* wings
And a *Catts*-foote, to carch the *Mise* alone:
And *Æsop*, he is filing a *Fox* tongue,
For a new fable he has made of Court;
But you shall see 'hem all, stay but your time
And aske in season; Things ask'd out of season
A man denies himsef. At such a time
As *Christmas*, when disguising is o' foote,
To aske of the inventions, and the men,
The witts, and the ingines that moue those Orbes!
Me thinkes, you should enquire now, after *Skelton*,
Or Mr. *Scogan*.

MERE-FOOLE.

Scogan

THE FORTY-NATE ISLES.

Scogan? what was he?

O' a fine gentleman, and a *Master of Arts*,
Of *Henry* the fourth's times, that made disguises
For the Kings sonnes, and writ in ballad-royall
Daintily well.

MERE-FOOLE.

But, wrote he like a Gentleman?

IOHPHIEL.

In rime! fine tinckling rime! and flowand verse!
With now & then some sence! & he was paid for't,
Regarded, and rewarded: which few *Poets*
Are now admaies.

MERE-FOOLE.

And why.

IOHPHIEL.

'Cause euery Dabler
In rime is thought the same. But you shall see him.
Hold vp your nose.

MERE-FOOLE.

I had rather see a *Brathman*,
Or a *Gymnosophist* yet.

IOHPHIEL.

You shall see him, Sir.
Is worth them both. And with him *Damaine Skelton*,
The worshipfull *Poet Laureat* to *K. Harry*
And *Tytire* of those times. Aduance quick *Scogan*,
And quicker *Skelton*, shew your craftie heads,
Before this Heyre of arts, this Lord of learning,

THE FORTVNATE ISLES.

This Master of all knowledge in reuerſion.

Enter **SKOGAN**, and **SKELTON**
in like habits, as they liu'd.

SKOGAN.

Seemeth wee are call'd of a morall intent
If the words, that are ſpoken, as well now be ment.

IOHAPHIEL.

That Mr. *Scogan* I dare you enſure.

SKOGAN.

Then, Sonne, our acquaintance is like to indure.

MERE-FOOLE.

A pretty game! like *Crambe*. Mr. *Scogan*,
Giue me thy hand. Thou'art very leane, me thinks.
Is't liuing by thy witts?

SKOGAN.

If it had bin that,
My worſhipfull Sonne, thou haſt ne'r bin ſo fatt.

IOHAPHIEL.

He tels you true Sr. Here's a gentleman
(My paire of crafty Clearkes) of that high caract,
As hardly hath the age product his like.
Who not content with the witt of his owne times,
Is curious to know yours, and what hath bin,

MERE-FOOLE.

Or is, or ſhall be.

IOHAPHIEL.

Note his Latitude!

SKELTON.

THE FORTVNATE ISLES.

O, *uir amplissimus!*
(*Vt scholis dicimus*)
Et *gentilissimus!*

IOHAPHIEL.

The question-*issimus*
Is, should he aske a fight now, for his life;
I meane, a person, he would haue restor'd,
To memorie of these times, for a Play-fellow,
Whether you would present him, with an *Hermes*,
Or, with an *Howle-glas*?

SKELTON.

An *Howleglasse*
To come, to passe
On his Fathers Ass; ;
There neuer was,
By day, nor night,
A finer sight:
With fethers vpright
In his horned cap,
And crooked shape,
Much like an Ape.
With Owle on fist,
And Glasse at his wrist.

SKOGAN.

Except the foure Knaues entertain'd for the guards,
Of the Kings, & y^e Queenes that triumph in y^e cards.

IOHAPHIEL.

I, that were a fight and a halfe, I confesse,
To see 'hem come skipping in, all at a messe!

SKELTON.

THE FORTVNATE ISLES,

SKELTON.

With *Elinor Rumming*.
To make vp the mumming;
That comely *Gill*,
That dwelt on a hill,
But she is not grill:
Her face all bowfy,
Droopie, and drow sic,
Scuruy, and low sic,
Comely crinkled,
Wonderfly wrinkled,
Like a rost pigs eare,
Bristled with haire.

SCOGAN.

Or, what do you say to *Ruffian Fitz-Ale*?

IOHAPHIEL.

An excellent sight, 'if he be not too stale.
But then, we can mix him with moderne *Vapors*,
The Child of *Tobacco*, his pipes, and his papers.

MERE-FOOLE.

You talk'd of *Elinor Rumming*, I had rather
See *Ellen of Troy*.

IOHAPHIEL.

Her you shall see.
But credit mee,
That *Marie Ambree*
(Who march'd so free,
To the siege of *Gawnt*,
And death could not daunt,

THE FORTY NATE IS LES.

As the Ballad doth vaunt)
Were a brauer wight,
And a better fight.

SKELTON.

Or Westmister Meg,
With her long leg,
As long as a Crane;
And feet like a plane:
With a paire of heeles,
As broad as two wheelles;
To driue downe the dew,
As she goes to the stew:
And turnes home merry,
By Lambeth ferry.
Or you may haue come
In, *Thomas Thumbe*,
In a pudding fatt
With Doctor Ratt.

JOHN HILL.

I, that! that! that!
Wee'll haue 'em all,
To fill the Hall.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

The *Antimasque* followes.

Consisting of these twelue persons, Owle-
glas, the foure *Knaues*, two *Ruffians* Fitz-
ale, and Vapors; Elnor Rumming, Mary Am-
bree, Long-Meg of Westminster, Tom Thumbe,
and Doctor Ratt.

Which done,

MERE-FOOLE.

What! are they vanish! where is skipping *Skelton*?
Or morall *Scogan*? I doe like their shew
And would haue thank'hem, being the first grace
The Company of the *Rosie-Crosse* hath done me.

IOHAPHIEL.

The company o' the *Rosie-crosse*! you wigion,
The company of *Players*. Go, you are,
And wilbe stil your selfe, a *Mere-foole*, In;
And take your pot of hony here, and hogs greace,
See, who has guld you, and make one. Great King,
Your pardon, if desire to please haue trespass'd.
This foole should haue bin sent to *Antycira*,
(The Ile of *Elleboe*,) there to haue purg'd,
Not hop'd a happie seat within your waters.
Heare now the message of the Fates, and Ioue,
On whom those Fates depend, to you, as *Neptune*
The great Commander of the Seas, and Iles.
That point of Reuolution being come

When

THE FORTVNATE ISLES.

When all the Fortunate Islands should be ioyn'd
MACARIA, one, and thought a Principall,
That hetherto hath floted, as vncertaine
Where she would fix her blessings, is to night
Instructed to adhere to your BRITANNIA:
That where the happie spirits liue, hereafter
Might be no question made, by the most curious,
Since the *Macarij* come to doe you homage,
And ioyne their cradle to your continent.

Here the Scene opens, and the Masquers
are discover'd sitting in their seuerall seiges.
The aire opens aboue, and APOLLO with
Harmony, and the spirits of Musique sing,
the while the Iland moues forward, Proteus
sitting below, and hearkning.

Song

Looke forth the Shepheard of the Seas,
And of the Ports that keepe the keyes,
And to your Neptune tell,
MACARIA, Prince of all the Isles,
Wherein there nothing growes, but smiles,
Doth here put in, to dwell.
The winde is sweete, and gently blow,
But Zephirus, no breath they know,
The Father of the flowers:
By him the virgin violets line,
And every plant doth odours giue,
As new, as are the howers.

THE FORTVNATE ISLES.

CHORVS.

*Then, thinke it not a common cause,
That to it so much wonder drawes,
And all the heauens consent,
With Harmony to tune their notes,
In answer to the publique votes,
That for it vp were sent.*

By this time, the Iland hauing ioyned it selfe to the shore; PROTEVS, PORTVNVS, and SARON come forth, and go vp singing to the State, while the Masquers take time to ranke themselves.

Song.

PROTEVS.

*I, now, the heights of Neptunes honors shine,
And all the glories of his greater stile
Are read, reflected in this happiest Ile.*

PORTVNVS.

*How both the aire, the soile, the seat combine
To speake it blessed!*

SARON.

*These are the true grounds,
where ioyes are borne,*

PROTEVS.

where longings,

PORTVNVS.

THE FORTVNATE ISLES.

PORTVNVS.

and where lones?

SARON.

That line!

PROTEVS.

That last!

PORTVNVS.

*No intermitted wind
Blowes here, but what leaues flowers, or fruit behind.*

CHORVS.

*Tis odour all, that comes!
And euery tree doth giue his gummes.*

PROTEVS.

*There is no sicknes, nor no old age knowne
To man, nor any greife that he dares owne.
There is no hunger there, nor enuy of state.
Nor least ambition in the Magistrate.
But all are even-harted, open, free,
And what one is, another strives to be.*

PORTVNVS.

*Here all the day, they fea st, they sport, and spring;
Now dance the Graces Hay, now Venus Ring:
To which the old Munitians play, and sing.*

SARON.

*There is ARION, tuning his bold Harpe,
from flat to shoarpe.*

PORTVNVS.

And light Anacreon,

He still is one!

C 3

PROTEVS.

THE FORTVNATE ISLES.

PROTEVS.

Stefichorus there, too,
That Linus, and old Orpheus doth out-doe
To wonder.

SARON.

And Amphion! he is there.

PORTVNVS.

Nor is Apollo dainy to appeare
In such a quire, although the trees be thick,

PROTEVS.

He will looke in, and see the aires be quick,
And that the times be true.

PORTVNVS.

Then, chanting,

PROTEVS.

Then,

Vp, with their notes, they raise the Prince of Men.

SARON.

And sing the present Prophecie that goes
Of ioyning the bright LILLIE, and the ROSE.

CHORVS.

See! all the flowres

PROTEVS.

That spring the banks along,
Do moue their heads vnto that under-song.

CHORVS.

SARON, PORTVNVS, PROTEVS, helpe to bring
Our Primrose in, the glorie of the spring!
And tell the Daffadill, against that day,
That we prepare new Gyrlands fresh as May.
And interweaue the Myrtle, and the Bay.

This

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

This sung, the Island goes back, whilst the
upper Chorus takes it from them, and the
Masquers prepare for their figure.

CHORUS.

*Spring all the Graces of the age,
And all the Loues of time;
Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
And relishes of rime:
Add all the softnesses of Courts,
The looks, the laughters, and the sports.
And mingle all their sweets, and salts,
That none may say, the Triumph halts.*

The Masquers dance their Entry:
or first dance.

Which done, the first Prospective, a Mari-
time Palace, or the house of Oceanus is
discouered to lowd Musique.
The other aboue is no more scene.

IOHAPHIEL.

Behold the Palace of Oceanus!
Hayle Reuerend structure! Boast no more to vs
Thy being able, all the Gods to feast;
We saw enough: when ALBION was thy guest.

The

THE FORTUNATE ISLES,

The measures.

After which, the second Prospective, a Sea
is shewne, to the former Musique.

IOHAPHIEL.

Now turne; and view the wonders of the deepe,
Where *Proteus* heards, & *Neptunes* Orkes do keep,
Where all is plough'd, yet still the pastures greene
New wayes are found, and yet no paths are scene.

Here *Proteus*, *Portunus*, *Saron* goe vp to the
Ladies with this Song.

PROTEVS.

*Come noble Nymphs, and doe not hide
The eyes, for which you so provide:*

SARON.

*If not to mingle with the Men,
what do you here? Go home agen.*

PORTVNVS.

*Your dressings doe confesse,
By what wee see, so curious parts
Of Pallas, and Arachnes arts,
That you could meane no lesse.*

PROTEVS.

*why do you weare the silke-wormes toyles,
Or glorie in the shell-fish spoiles;*

Or

THE FORTVNATE ISLES.

Or strue to stee the graines of Ore
That you haue gather'd on the shore,
whereof to make a stocke
To graft the greener Emerald on,
Or any better water'd stone,

SARON.

Or Rubie of the rock?

PROTEVS.

why do you smell of Amber-gris,
Of which was formed Neptunes Neice,
The Queene of Loue: vnlesse you can
Like Sea-borne Venus loue a Man?

SARON.

Try, put your selues vnto it.

CHORVS.

Your lookes, your smiles, and thoughts that meete,
Ambrosian hands, and siluer feete,

Do promise you will doe it.

The Reuels follow.

Which ended, the Fleete is discouered, while
the three Corners play.

IOHAPHIEL.

Tis time, your eyes should be refresht at length
With something new, a part of NEPTVNES strength,
See, yond', his Fleete, ready to goe or come,
Or fetch the riches of the Ocean home,

D

So

THE FORTVNATE ISLES.

So to secure him, both in peace, and warres,
Till not one ship alone, but all be starres.

Then the last Song.

PROTEVS.

*Although we wish the glorie still might last
Of such a night, and for the causes past:
Yet now, great Lord of waters, and of Iles,
Giue Proteus leaue to turne vnto his wiles.*

PORTVNVS.

*And, whilst young ALBION doth thy labours ease,
Dispatch Portunus to thy Ports,*

SARON.

*And Saron to thy Seas:
To meet old Nereus, with his fiftie girles,
From aged Indus laden home with pearles,
And Orient gummes, to burne vnto thy name.*

CHORVS.

*And may thy subiects hearts be all one flame.
whilst thou dost keepe the earth in firme estate,
And' mongst the winds, do'st suffer no debate,
But both at Sea, and Land, our powers increase,
With health, and all the golden gifts of Peace.*

After which, their last Dance.

The End



